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WHOLE No. 61.

IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

In the leading article of our Magazine for this month, we propose to present the reader with a very attractive series of illustrations, relating to a country which is annually becoming of more and more interest to our own, and of a people who are monthly sending to our shores thousands upon thousands of emigrants. It will be observed that our engravings are quite desultory in the themes selected, which purpose was adopted to impart as much of variety as possible to the subject. In times past the American tourist has hardly deemed Ireland to be worthy of an especial division of time in his calculation for foreign travel; but now-a-days, not to have visited her lakes and mountains, her noble cities and harbors, her ancient rivers and her cultivated tracts, is to be "untravelled" indeed. Quite as vividly individualized as any country in Europe, her people certainly present as remarkable a chapter for the notice of the student of human nature, as those of any other land; and indeed her peasantry, perhaps, with their prominent peculiarities, are more interesting and more individualized than any other class throughout the whole of Europe. Our first engraving (No. 1.) is an actual scene, as indeed are all of the series herein presented, and depicts a couple of peasant women, with their water-jars, at the side of an open spring. They are quite Oriental in their mode of carrying water and other liquids in jars upon the head; and the scene might be laid in Turkey without outraging the general characteristics of the common women of the East. A writer upon Ireland thus describes the very picture we

present: "Goats trot about with the peasantry very frequently, and are in admirable keeping with the wild beauty of the landscape. You hear their bleat from inaccessible mountains, and you meet them with the women by the well sides, and the running waters. A sudden turn in one of the hill-tops brought us, one sultry morning, to where two young women had been filling their large brown water-pitchers; one stood with her large eyes, whose lashes swept her cheeks, bent on the ground, the pitcher resting on her hip, and her cloak and apron, even her short woolen petticoat falling into graceful draperies around her;



IRISH PEASANT WOMEN.—(No. 1.)



IRISH GIRL AND KID.—(No. 2.)

her companion, whose back was to us, was chattering away 'most eloquently,' her abundant hair was twisted into a knot behind, and fastened with that object of Irish maiden ambition, 'a crooked comb.' A two-eared pitcher was balanced on her head, and her cloak, looped up by her graceful attitude, displayed more of her finely-formed limbs than was quite seemly; and this she thought, for the moment a pause in her chatter permitted her to hear the rattle of our car, she dropt her arm, and the cloak fell. These girls were followed to this lonely place by a goat, who pricked up its ears at our intrusion."

The custom of carrying these burthens upon their heads makes the women remarkably erect, and they are generally very lithesome and free of limb. Especially is this the case among the highlands, where the country is peopled by a brave and hardy race, devoted enthusiastically to their wild hills and glens, and retaining almost exactly their original characteristics, while their habits and customs are as unchanged as their mountain lakes, though civilization has cunningly entered where the foot of the invader could make no progress.

Our second engraving (No. 2.) represents a peasant girl and kid, taken from actual life; she bears upon one arm the roll of worsted stuff of home manufacture, which she is conveying to the neighboring dyer, leading a tethered kid which she will sell or exchange. The pure Greek outline of her features is a marked characteristic of many of the peasant girls of various

districts. This fact has been historically preserved by Harvey, the painter, who has, in the British Museum, a series in oil, painted a number of years since from actual sketches, especially in Galway, where the present scene was taken. Mrs. Hall in her work on Ireland speaks especially of a peculiar character well known in this country, the itinerant knitter, a woman who has no home of her own, if she is quick and clever at her calling, makes out a very good living. She will "go on a visit" for two or three months in "the bad times," or "a hard summer," to a neighboring farmer, and knit out her board and lodging, stealing an hour betimes to keep "feet on herself," or to knit a pair for some poor "Christian" or pilgrim—"that have no time to do it for themselves, on account of the hours they spend making their soul." The knitter has invariably a store of superstitions, and both old and new tales, and sings songs—old ballads it does the heart good to hear, thrilling with the wild, earnest power of Irish harmony—and in the mountain passes it is not unlikely that you hear her wild melody long before you overtake her, as she goes, though long past the morning of life, straight as an arrow, and with a brisk mountain step, from

one village or solitary house to another. She is invariably well received, for though knitting is her profession, she is a "knowledgeable" woman in all things, and moreover a practical match-maker, taking part in general against the "foolishness of love," and siding with the fathers and mothers, unless indeed a rich young farmer fancies one "not his equal all out, barrin' the beauty," and then the knitter is inclined to the "colleen;" for "why should not the young farmer choose?—he has enough for both. Why not? he paid her double for every pair of stockings she ever knit him,—an' troth it's him that has the handsome foot and leg to set off a stocking." The knitter professes perfect disinterestedness in all matrimonial matters, and, perhaps, so deceptive is human nature, that she thinks she is disinterested, though the "might" is her "right." One indeed we knew, who had such a tender heart "towards the innocent young craythurs in love," that she was everlastingly in hot water with the elders, who declared she knit with "double needles," signifying that she was deceitful, and consequently she was very unpopular, until the young persons she patronized married—then they did not forget her kindness.

The "knitters" were not unfrequently "keeners," none being better qualified to celebrate the praises of the dead than those who knew so much about the living; and the facility with which they "wove in" the various qualities of the person they "keened" with the established themes of the death-song, evinced much tact, if

not much talent. The knitter, too, is frequently "a mighty fine hand entirely" at the "quilting"—considered a very valuable acquirement—and can "stitch in" the "waves," or "diamonds," or "hexagons," "wonderful!"—she can also toss cups, and read them "like print," without once "setting down the needles;" she has a knowledge in charms, and can keep off an ague fit, and give a cure for the heartburn, and her "cures" are greatly praised by the old people; for whether she prescribes "herbs" or "roots," she steeps, or rather did steep, them all in whiskey "flavored" with a "little grain of sugar." Her pockets are sometimes capacious enough to contain some dark-brown hard gingerbread cakes—an extraordinary treat for the children; and if she goes to a station, she invariably brings away a bottle of holy water for her friends; she piques herself upon her "good breeding," and when you meet her, or pass her on the roadside, she invariably makes both her needles and herself come to a dead stand-still, and then drops so low a curtsy that you wonder how she ever gets up again. We are picturing the professional knitter; but nearly all the women knit more or less; and the tourist will be sure to be surrounded by a band of them the moment he stops at any well-known resting-place.

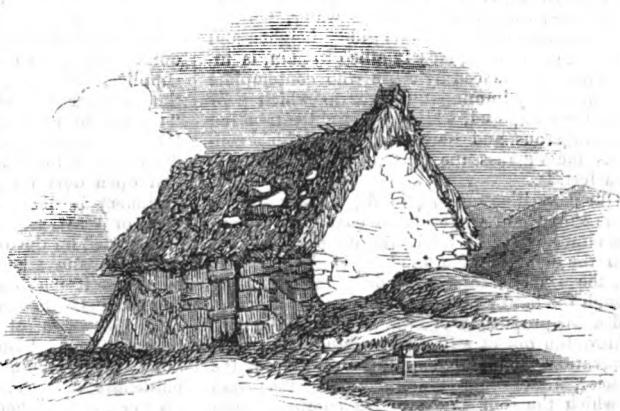
Our third illustration (No. 3.) represents a common Irish Cabin, but by no means of the poorest sort. The wild Indians of the West, and even the Esquimaux, construct their habitations with more care than do the humble classes of the Irish peasantry. Mr. Tite, in his report to the Irish Society of London, thus describes an Irish cabin: "An Irish cabin, architecturally described, is a shed about eighteen feet by fourteen, or perhaps less, built of sod (mud) or rough stone, perhaps with a window, or a hole to represent one; it is thatched with sods, with a basket for a chimney. It generally admits the wet, and does not pretend to keep out the cold. A hole on the ground in front of the door, or just on the side, is the receptacle for slops, manure and other abominations. This one room, wretched as it is, is generally all the shelter that is afforded for the father and mother, with the children, perhaps the grandmother, and certainly the pig; and therefore it appears to me obvious, that the first and most necessary change is, that there should be two rooms instead of one, that the dung-pit should be put at the back of the house instead of in the front, and that a pig-sty should be provided." If by the roadside, instead of raising his dwelling above its level, so as to secure it from damp, the Irish peasant invariably sinks it below, considerably below, the level of the highway; making it, in fact, a drain to the road. If on the side of a hill, he never dreams of levelling the floor; on the contrary, we have seen numberless instances where one gable has been two feet higher than the other,

and the roof straight. We remember a particular instance where a wealthy farmer, we forget his real name, but we always called him "Inigo Jones," set about building a substantial farmhouse on the side of the hill of Carrig. When the foundations were laid, a friend of ours asked him if he did not mean to level the part of the hill whereon he built his house. Level it!" he replied. "Plase yer honor, I was born in a hill-house myself, and all my people lived in it, and it was so steep that *the children used to roll into the bed every night*, but sure they weren't the worse for it, nor will I be, plase God."

Of late years, undoubtedly, there has been some advance towards civilization in the exterior as well as in the interior of the Irish cabin; very frequently now, they are whitewashed—a practice introduced during the terrible visitation of the cholera;—but the progress towards a happier state of things has been grievously slow; and in the more remote districts they retain their primitive characteristics, absolutely degrading to human nature and shocking to humanity. This picture is not overwrought.

Our next illustration (No. 4.) is of a bold and lofty headland and rock, lying opposite to Scotland in the county of Antrim, upon which are seen the ruins of Bruce's Castle. During the civil wars which devastated Scotland after the appointment of Baliol to the throne of that kingdom, Robert Bruce was driven out and obliged to seek shelter in the isle of Raghery, in a fortress whose ruined walls still retain the name of the illustrious fugitive. His enemies, however, pursued him even to this remote spot, and forced him to embark in a little skiff and seek refuge on the ocean. The ruins of Bruce's Castle are situated on a bold and rocky promontory, which is seen in our engraving. The sketch, taken at a distance, barely shows the half-decayed walls of the ancient structure.

Near the village of Ballintary, Antrim, there is quite an interesting "lion" known as the Hanging Bridge, (No. 5.) The chasm here represented divides the island-rock from the mainland, and is in the immediate vicinity of the Giant's Causeway. A modern tourist says: "The chasm is sixty feet wide, the rock on either



AN IRISH CABIN.—(No. 3.)

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THE RUINS OF BRUCE'S CASTLE.—No. 4.)

side rising about eighty feet above the level of the water. Across this mighty rent a bridge of ropes has been thrown, for the convenience of the fishermen who reside on the island during the summer months. The construction of the bridge is very simple. Two strong ropes or cables are stretched from one chasm to another, in a parallel line, and made fast to rings fixed permanently in the rock, across these, planks, twelve inches wide, are laid and secured; a slight rope, elevated convenient to the hand, runs parallel with the footway; and thus a bridge is formed, over which men, women and boys, many of them carrying heavy burdens, are seen walking or running, apparently with as little concern as they would evince in advancing the same distance on *terra firma*. It is awful in the extreme to witness, from a boat on the water, persons passing and repassing at this giddy height—and a feeling of anxiety, closely allied to pain, is invariably experienced by those who contemplate the apparently imminent danger to which poor people are exposed, while thus lightly treading the dangerous and narrow footway which conducts them across the gulf that yawns beneath their feet."

Our next illustration (No. 6.) depicts the famous Port Coon Cave. The cave may be visited either by sea or land. Boats may row into it to the distance of a hundred yards or more; but the swell is sometimes dangerous; and although the land entrance to the cave is slippery, and a fair proportion of climbing is necessary to achieve the object, still the magnificence of the excavation, its length and the formation of the interior, would repay greater exertion; the stones of which the roof and sides are composed, and which are of a rounded form, and embedded as

it were in a basaltic paste, are formed of concentric spheres resembling the coats of an onion; the innermost recess has been compared to the side aisle of a Gothic cathedral; the walls are most painfully slimy to the touch; the discharge of a loaded gun reverberates amid the rolling of the billows so as to thunder a most awful effect; and the notes of a bugle produced delicious echoes.

Our succeeding engraving (No. 7.) represents a portion of that famous coast formation in the county of Antrim known as the Giant's Causeway, the immediate scene being known as the Giant's Organ, from the peculiar formation of the same. Standing upon the causeway, elevated but a few feet above the level of the coast, the tourist will observe upon the side of the hill, immediately above him, the Giant's Organ, a magnificent colonnade of pillars, laid open, as it were, by a land-slip, in the centre of the cliff, and reaching to the height of one hundred and twenty feet.

Our next illustration (No. 8.) represents a picturesque scene in the county of Kerry. The road from Kenmare to Killarney, for the first five miles, possesses little to interest; it is nearly due north; but before entering on this road a deviation to the west will conduct the traveller to many objects of considerable beauty. A mile or two from the town are the ancient ruins of Dunkerron Castle, once the hospitable seat of O'Sullivan Mor; and Cappanacuse, another shattered castle of the same family. Farther on, the river Blackwater flows into the bay; the adjacent scenery is highly picturesque; the river rushes through a deep ravine, the thick sides of which are thickly wooded. Its source is a small dark lake among the Dunkerron Mountains, and near its mouth it is crossed by a bridge of two lofty arches, passing over a chasm of great depth.

Twelve miles to the west, the antiquary may obtain one of the rarest treats which the country supplies, by visiting, on the verge of the coast, the singular fort of Staigue, or Staigue-an-ar, "the staired place of slaughter." It is a circular stone structure standing on a hill, within a deep hollow, formed by surrounding mountains, and open only on the south, to the sea. The periphery is divided into ten compartments of steps or seats, ascending to the top; the whole surrounded on the outside by a most twenty-six feet wide and six feet in depth. Mr. Windele considers it "a remain of the primitive Cyclopean or Pelasgic-Irish architecture, used in the early fortresses of Ireland, and indifferently called 'Cahir,' 'Boon,' and 'Caisiol.'" Valancey has pronounced it to be a Phœnician amphitheatre, and describes it as unique. But since his time, many other erections of a similar kind, or varying from it in no essential points, have

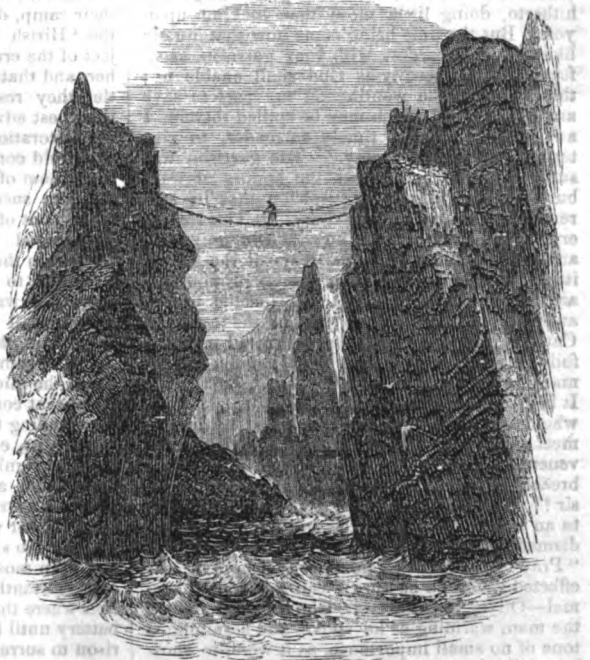
been discovered in various parts of the island, and in this district in particular.

The artists who seek Kerry county to illustrate their portfolios, necessarily employ a native guide, a portrait of one of whom we give herewith (No. 9.), carrying his employer's sketch-book. Note his peculiar hat—not quite a “caubeen,” although the mountain blasts have materially changed its shape since it was “a bran-new beaver;” his small keen gray eyes; his “loose” good-natured mouth—that pours forth in abundance courteous, if not courtly, phrases. His coat was certainly not made by a Stultz, nor his brogands by a Hoby; but the frieze suits well with his healthy and sun-burnt countenance, and the shoes are a fitting match for the sturdy limbs that have borne him a thousand times up the steep and high mountain of Mangerton.

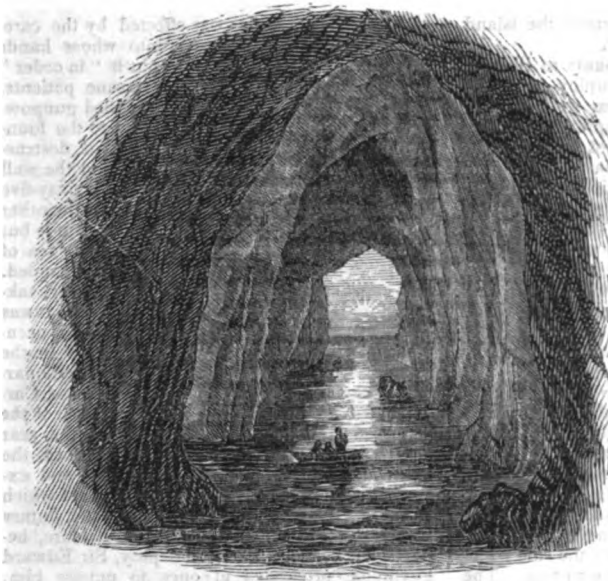
The “brogue,” or shoe, of the Irish peasantry differs in its construction from the shoe of any other country. It was formerly made of untanned hide, but for the last century at least it has been made of tanned leather. The leather of the uppers is much stronger than what is used in the strongest shoes, being made of cow-hide dressed for the purpose, and it never has an inside lining like the ordinary shoe; the sole leather is generally of an inferior description. The process of making the brogue is entirely different from that of shoemaking; and the tools used in the work, excepting the hammer, pinchers and knife, bear little analogy. The awl, though used in common by both operators, is much larger than the largest used by the shoemaker, and unlike in the bend and form. The great objects of strength and durability are sought to be attained, and supercede all others.

The town of Carlow is seated on the east bank of the river Barrow, the “goodlie Barrow,” as Spenser terms it; its source is in the Slieve Bloom Mountains, in the Queen's County, and passing through the towns of Portarlinton, Monastereven, Athy, Carlow, Leighlin-Bridge, and Graigue-nemanagh, it forms a junction with the Nore, and both join the Suir, a few miles from Waterford. The Barrow is navigable for a distance of forty-three miles. The town is modern in its general aspect, presenting a singular contrast to its neighbor, the city of Kilkenny—so full of magnificent castellated and monastic remains. The only ancient relic in Carlow is “the Castle.” It is situated on a gentle eminence, overlooking the river; and is said to have been erected by Hugh De Lacy, who was appointed lord-deputy of Ireland in the year 1179. It was built after the Anglo-Norman style of architecture; a square area, surrounded by thick walls, fortified and strengthened at each corner by a large round tower. Until the year 1814, it had bravely withstood the attacks of time

and war; but its ruin was effected by the carelessness of a medical doctor, into whose hands it came, and who designed to put it “in order” for the “accommodation” of insane patients. In the progress of his work he applied gunpowder, with some unexplained object, to the foundations, and in a moment completed its destruction, leaving but two of its towers, and the wall between them. Their present height is sixty-five feet, and the length from one tower to the other is one hundred and five feet; as the ruin is but one side of a square, it affords a correct idea of the large space the castle formerly occupied. Our engraving (No. 10.) is from a drawing, taken before it was so effectually ruined. As it was built to protect the English of the Pale, it occupies no minor station in Irish history. In the reign of Edward II. it was made the headquarters of the seneschalship of the counties of Carlow and Kildare, instituted in consequence of the disturbed state of those districts. In the year 1361, Lionel Duke of Clarence established the exchequer of the kingdom in Carlow, and expended £500 in fortifying it with walls, of which at present there is not a vestige. In 1494, James Fitzgerald, brother of the Earl of Kildare, besieged the castle. The lord-deputy, Sir Edward Poynings, proceeded at once to oppose him, when, after a brief siege, it was surrendered. In 1534, Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, who with others rebelled, had possession of six of the principal castles of Ireland, amongst which was that of Carlow. In 1641 the castle was reduced to great extremity, but was relieved by Sir Patrick Wemyss. In 1650 it was surrendered to Sir Hardress Waller, who bombarded it with cannon.



HANGING BRIDGE OF CARRICK-A-REDE.—(No. 5.)



PORT COON CAVE.—(No. 6.)

A field about half a mile distant, on the opposite side of the river, in Queen's County, is still pointed out as the place where Waller planted his artillery on the occasion. Ireton had previously summoned it to surrender, but in terms more than usually courteous; informing the governor that "we have been your gentle neighbors hitherto, doing little more than looking upon you. But the time being come now that we are like to deal in earnest with your garrison, as effectually and speedily as God shall enable us; that I may not be wanting on my part to save any of the blood which may be spilled therein, I am willing, upon a timely surrender, to give terms to so fair an enemy." The garrison was suffered to march out with the honors of war; but there are grounds for suspicion that its surrender was effected by treachery. "This treachery," says Carte, "was now grown universal, arising sometimes from the fears of the inhabitants, and sometimes from the corruption, avarice or cowardice of the garrisons of the towns, and was the cause of the loss of the castle of Catherlogh." We have been favored with the following, as among the most popular of the many legends connected with the ancient castle. It is given in the words of a gossiping old man, whom our informant had the good fortune to meet as he stood to take an admiring view of the venerable ruin. "Do you see that large round breach, in the middle of the wall opposite there, sir?" was the question demanded of us, in reply to an inquiry respecting the origin of its present dismantled appearance. "Yes," we answered. "Pray can you tell us how or by whom it was effected?" "To be sure I can. 'Twas Crummel—Oliver Crummel, sir, who did it," replied the man, warming as he spoke, and assuming a tone of no small importance, as it were, to show how fully he was acquainted with the subject.

"Now, sir, if you were to see the castle on the other side, or to enter it, and climb its walls, as I have often done in my youth, you would see that the spot in which the breach is, is the weakest and least thick of any in the entire building; and well the crafty, cunning Crummel knew that, when he planted his cannon right *for-ent* that very part." "But how did he become acquainted with the fact of its being so?" we asked. "Why, then, I'll tell you that too, sir," rejoined our friend. "Well, you see, when the castle was besieged, the poor fellows who were shut up within it, after a short time had nearly consumed all their provisions; and water, which you know will not keep fresh for any length of time, was the first to fail them. There happened to be in the castle two or three old women, servants of the governor, and as the loss of these was to be preferred to that of a single soldier—of whom there were barely enough to maintain the siege—recourse was had to the sending one of them during the night to the river, which, as you may see, runs hard by, for the purpose of drawing water to the castle. Well, as chance would have it, some of Crummel's soldiers, wandering about at the time, fell in with the old woman, and carried her off to their camp, determined to have some sport out of the 'Hirish hag.' Learning, however, the object of the errand in which they had surprised her, and that she had been an inmate of the castle, they resolved to turn the circumstance to their best advantage, and accordingly promised her restoration of freedom and a reward, provided she could conduct them into the fortress, or inform them of any way by which they would be likely to succeed in their designs. Frightened almost out of her wits by their threats, and now encouraged by their promises, she acquainted them with the fatal secret, that the portion of the front wall to which, on the inside, the staircase was fixed, was, in fact, the only point that would yield at all to their artillery. In short, after some time, they agreed on the following terms: that she, being sent back to the castle, should, about the middle of the ensuing night, ascend the stairs that conducted to the battlemented parapet surrounding the summit of the wall, and, standing by its edge, should hold forth a burning torch to signify the place where the frailty lay. Like a fool, as she must undoubtedly have been, and like a wretched dupe as she proved herself, she kept her word, and exhibited at the appointed hour the signal agreed on; and Crummel, who had been most anxiously awaiting her appearance, instantly discharged his shot in the direction where the light was seen, and continued the battery until he succeeded in compelling the garrison to surrender. And now, let me tell you, that *she* was the first to meet her death on that

occasion—the old hag, as she deserved, having been blown to atoms—the victim of her own treachery.”

Carlow is one of the most fertile and best cultivated of the counties of Ireland, and has been termed “the garden of Erin;” it is almost exclusively an agricultural county, its soil being admirably adapted for the production of corn of every description—a fact that may account for the number of flourishing mills to be found in every district of it, the Barrow affording great facilities for export through the towns of New Ross and Waterford, the river having been rendered navigable for boats of considerable size; but the navigation requires still farther improvement. The principal mills are those of Mr. Alexander, at Milford, and the Lodge Mills, at Bagenalstown, of which Mr. Crosthwaite is the present proprietor. The grain raised in this county bears a high price in the markets of London and Liverpool; its butter also is famous, competing with that of Cork and Kerry, and large tracts of rich pasture-land are occupied as dairy-farms.

The establishment at Milford is one of the most extensive and celebrated in Ireland. It is situated about four miles from Carlow, on the Barrow, in the centre of a lovely valley, through which the river runs, surrounded by hills, and with the magnificent mountains, Leinster, Blackstairs, and Brandon, in the back-ground. The roof of the mill is flat, covered with *terceira*, formed of chalk, tar and sand; the walls are castellated, so that it has, from a distance, a very pleasing and striking effect. Plantations of fine trees are growing up around it, and the aspect of the whole neighborhood is remarkably cheering, comfortable and encouraging; all giving tokens of the improvements that are proceeding under the direction of the enterprising proprietor and his sons. Roads have been opened through several of the adjacent mountains, and cultivation has naturally followed; the hedge-rows in every direction are as neatly and carefully trimmed as those of England; the cottages are exceedingly clean and well-ordered,—for they are frequently white-washed, the material being supplied “gratis” to every applicant; many of them are covered with climbing plants, and, together with their sober and industrious occupants, bear unquestionable evidence of the vast importance of resident landlords in improving the face of the country and the social condition of its population. The mill was originally established in 1790, and was commenced on a large scale; the neighborhood was propitious, the soil being very rich, and based on a bed of limestone, which gives an inexhaustible supply of manure. The corn to be converted into flour is invariably purchased from the farmers or the peasantry, many of whom grow only some eight or ten barrels, and sell it in order to purchase materials more neces-

sary to satisfy their own wants—rarely or never grinding it for their own use. Mr. Alexander carries on his trade in corn at eight different places in Carlow and the adjoining counties, from whence it is transported to Milford, to be converted into flour, and thence distributed through the country or exported to the English markets; and he largely manufactures oatmeal, the character of which stands very high in the principal mart—Manchester, where it bears the best price. He has also a malting house, now in active work, although this branch was abandoned soon after the introduction of the existing malt-act, familiarly known in Ireland as “the measure for making smuggling easy.”

Ireland has been termed “the granary of Great Britain,” and it is so to a considerable extent; its manufactures are very limited, and almost its whole population are employed in the cultivation of the soil; yet it is notorious that in this country there are more acres capable of raising food, unemployed for any beneficial purpose, than are to be found in any other country of Europe. But every day increases their extent and their power; new systems of farming have been universally introduced; in many instances they have doubled the produce; and in many more they have led the proprietors to convert into arable land whole tracts of formerly barren mountain and bog. Irish farmers are now losing their prejudices in favor of “old plans;” the consequence is an enormous addition to the natural resources of the kingdom.

The next illustration (No. 11.) is that of the Church of St. Multose, Kinsale, of which Mrs. Hall says: “The parish church is dedicated to a female saint—St. Multose or Multosia, by whom it is said to have been erected in the fourteenth century. A legend is told in connection with it. When the saint was building it, which she did with her own hands, she desired to place



THE GIANT'S ORGAN AT THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.—(No. 7.)



LOFTY BRIDGE NEAR KILLARNEY.—(No. 8.)

a large stone, too heavy for her to lift. Seeing two men passing, one a native of the town, the other a stranger to it, she summoned them to her aid; the native refused to help her, but the stranger labored until her object was effected. Upon which she gave her blessing to the one, and left her curse with the other. It is a remarkable fact, and one that does not depend upon the authority of tradition, that, generally, when two inhabitants of the town marry, they will not go through the ceremony within the walls of St. Multose, but are "united" at some church in the neighborhood; and we were supplied with proofs in support of the legend, by references to several unlucky couples who had been so unwisely skeptical as to neglect the ancient warning. The harbor of Kinsale, although greatly inferior to that of Cork, is capacious, deep, and well sheltered. It is defended by a strong fort, called Charles Fort, so called in honor of Charles II., and erected by the Duke of Ormond in 1681.

Our next engraving (No. 12.) represents Irish peasant women washing in the primitive manner adopted universally throughout the country districts, the clothes being beaten by sticks or small clubs, prepared for the purpose, by the side of some spring or running brook. This process does entirely away with the necessity for soap, an article little known to these people.

We next illustrate (No 13.) the person of a woman known in Kerry and other counties as a Keener, or paid mourner. She must be a sort of improvisatrice. The Irish language, bold, forcible, and comprehensive, full of the most striking epithets and idiomatic beauties, is peculiarly adapted for either praise or satire—its blessings are singularly touching and expressive, and its curses wonderfully strong, bitter and biting. The rapidity and ease with which both are uttered, and the epigrammatic force of each concluding stanza of the keen, generally bring tears to the eyes of the most indifferent spectator, or produce a state of terrible excitement. The dramatic effect of the scene is very powerful; the darkness of the death-chamber, illumined only by candles

that glare upon the corpse—the manner of repetition or acknowledgment that runs round when the keener gives out a sentence—the deep, yet suppressed sob of the nearer relatives—and the stormy, uncontrollable cry of the widow or bereaved husband, when allusion is made to the domestic virtues of the deceased,—all heighten the effect of the keen; but in the open air, winding round some mountain pass, when a priest, or person greatly beloved and respected, is carried to the grave, and the keen, swelled by a thousand voices, is borne upon the mountain echoes—it is then absolutely magnificent. Mr. Beauford, in a communication to the Royal Irish Academy, remarks, that "the modes of lamentation, and the expressions of grief by sounds, gestures, and ceremonies, admit of an almost infinite variety. So far as these are common to most people, they have very little to attract attention; but where they constitute a part of national character, they then become objects of no inconsiderable speculation. The Irish," continues that gentleman, "have been always remarkable for their funeral lamentations, and this peculiarity has been noticed by almost every traveller who visited them;" and he adds, "it has been affirmed of the Irish, that to cry was more natural to them than to any other nation; and at length the Irish cry became proverbial."

This keen is very ancient, and there is a tradition that its origin is supernatural, as it is said to have been first sung by a chorus of invisible spirits in the air over the grave of one of the early kings of Ireland. The keener having finished a stanza of the keen, sets up the wail, in which all the mourners join. Then a momentary silence ensues, when the keener commences again, and so on—each stanza ending in the wail. The keen usually consists in an address to the corpse, asking him "why did he die?" etc. It is altogether extemporaneous; and it is sometimes astonishing to observe with what facility the keener will put the verses together, and shape her poetical images to the case of the person before her. This, of course, can only appear strongly to a person acquainted with the language, as any merit which these compositions possess is much obscured in a translation.

The lamentation is not always confined to the keener; any one present who has "the gift" of poetry may put in his or her verse, and this sometimes occurs. Thus the night wears away in alternations of lamentation and silence, the arrival of each new friend or relative of the deceased being, as already observed, the signal for renewing the keen. The intervals in the keen are not, however, always silent—they are often filled up by "small plays" on the part of the young, and on the part of the aged, or more serious, by tales of fairie and phantasmie; nor is it uncommon to have the conversation varied by an argument on religion, for even in the most remote parts so large an assemblage is seldom without a few straggling Protestants. The keener is almost invariably an aged woman; or if she be comparatively young, the habits of her life make her look old. One of this cast the artist has pictured from our description.

Our next engraving (No. 14.) represents the Monks' Tomb in the Abby of Mucross, Kerry. Although for a very long period the monks must

have lived and died in the Abbey of Mucross, in Kerry, posterity has been puzzled to find out the places where they are interred. Time has mingled their remains with those of the tens of thousands of nameless men who have here found their homes; but the peasantry still point out an ancient, singular, and rudely-constructed vault on the outside of the church, and immediately under the east window, where the bones of the holy fathers have become dust. Until within the last three or four years, the Abbey of Mucross and the adjacent churchyard were kept in a very revolting state. It is the custom of the Irish to inter the dead within a few feet, sometimes within a few inches, of the surface; and as the ground becomes crowded, it is often necessary to remove the remains of one inmate before room can be found for another. The consequence is, that all the old abbeys and churches are filled with decayed coffin-planks, and skulls and bones, scattered without the remotest care to decency, and absolutely disgusting to the spectator. This reproach has been entirely removed from Mucross, and now there is no disagreeable object to intrude upon the sight.

The next picture (No. 15.) represents an old crone and a young Irish peasant girl, the latter having come to ask some important question of the reputed witch, is awaiting her incantations and mood. It is an actual and frequent scene. It is from Mrs. Hall's valuable and justly esteemed work. She says: "From the sketch we made of them, Mr. Weigall has produced the accompanying print. The aged crone appeared to be bent double by age; she clasped in her hand a long rough stick, which she used as a 'divining rod' for the discovery of 'spring water.' The girl—who was remarkably handsome—was evidently watching until the oracle found voice, for it was sufficiently apparent that the consultation was one of no ordinary moment. The friend who was our companion knew the girl, and addressed her; she was prompt with a reply. 'I stood at her door with the rising sun,' she said, 'to know who charmed away the cow's milk, that my mother paid her to find out; and to know also about a little matter of my own.'"

Our last engraving (No. 16.) of the set, represents one of the oft-occurring scenes of the mountain districts, wherein the police have arrested a peasant for illegal distillation of whiskey, and are conducting him and his effects to prison. In the choice of our subject, that of Ireland and the Irish, we have been influenced by a desire to give as much of variety, in our illustrated articles as possible. In our next subject, we shall select quite another theme, and thus from month to month, give the readers of Ballou's Dollar Magazine all the variety and impart to the work all of varied interest possible. Thus at the close of each six months there will be a completed volume, and at the close of each year two volumes of six hundred pages each, finely illustrated.

INCIDENTS OF THE INDIAN REBELLION.

Some circumstances that came under my notice were very distressing. A man shot in the head, and who was bleeding profusely from his wound, was tended by his little daughter, apparently about twelve years old, who held up her hands imploring mercy and pity as we passed. Nor was I the only one who tried to reassure and comfort her. One of our servants, when he joined us later in the day, brought with him a little boy, about seven years old, whom he found standing by his dead father, who had been shot, and had fallen from his horse. The dead man, the child and horse, were in a group, and our servant charitably took the child, and placing him before him on his own horse, brought him into camp. I became possessed too of a small white dog, which, together with a baby six or seven months old, was found lying on a bed, from whence the mother, frenzied, I suppose, by terror, had fled, and *left her child behind!* The little one was sitting up and laughing, pleased at the horses and soldiers as they passed. The child was also brought on, and given to the care of a woman in our camp, and the little dog was sent to me. I was told of a woman who, in the action of Beejapore, was endeavoring to escape with her child, but in the agony of fear she clasped it so closely to her side, that she had squeezed it to death, and was still flying with it hanging over her arm, dead and cold.—*Mrs. Dubberley.*



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